

## Another World, Another Chance to Live

by Grynna

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Summary: Harry and others changed a lot because of the war with Voldemort. After they won they couldn't live as they used. The old gods gave them an offer to try their luck in another world. And so seven people were born in the new world with memories from their old one. Follow them as they fight in their new lives and watch out as they have changed the rules in the Game of Thrones!

## Another World, Another Chance to Live

Crossover Harry Potter/Game of Thrones

**\*\*This is just an idea I haven't seen someone would try. Please excuse any mistakes you find as I am not a native speaker. I welcome any critique you might have.\*\***

**\*\*Disclaimer: I do not own neither Game of Thrones, nor Harry Potter.\*\***

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><p><span>Prologue<span>

After war it was difficult for all of us. Most of our friends died. Just like that. The adults that were supposed to protect us tried and fought hard, but in the end it didn't matter. War found its way to us and we didn't have a choice but to fight for our lives and the lives of our friends.

And then— then it ended. We won. And we were supposed to just resume living our lives. Just like that. Walking around places where our friends had been mortally wounded, where people had suffered like nothing happened. It was expected of us. But we couldn't. It was too much. People cheered when they saw us as if we were the saviours. We were disgusted by it. We started using glamour. It was refreshing to be able to be just another name in the crowd and escape our

depressing reality. After a while we realised that we can't live like that. Our way of life was destroyed by the war. It died with our closest ones. How could any of us just jump into their lives and go on like nothing happened. If you could then you would be lucky. None of us could. At least not back then.

So we met and discussed it. At first it was pathetic. Nobody knew what to do. In the end we decide to travel. Basically anyone who survived the war was rich now. A lot of old families were completely destroyed and the money and estates must have been inherited by someone, so money weren't an issue for anyone.

I was quite rich even before. My parents left me some money in one vault for my schooling and a lot more when I reached 17 years. With the money from the House of Black I would never have to worry about money. As if it mattered. I would exchange all of it even just for one life. I lost my family when I was one and the rest of my friends during the war. It was almost as if with every death I gained another name. Boy-who-lived, saviour of the wizarding world, Master of Death. Yes, after I finally killed Voldemort I discovered the story of three brothers weren't just a children fairytale. Apparently, my magic core gained some kind of edge. I am still not really sure what it means. Back then I had no idea what future could hold for me.

We all suffered, it was war. Hermione, wellâ€ she tried her know-it-all approach and spent a lot of time with preparations. Once the open war started she moved her parents. She made them forget all about her and told them to move to Australia. In our sixth year in Hogwarts she spent all her free time studying healing magic, wards and everything that could help us in the following fight. Even with her precautions her parents ended up dead. I had never seen Hermione so broken before. If I was to see her like that again, I don't think I'd be able to carry on. After that Hermione changed. She was no longer the girl that tried to answer every teacher's question and that you could always find with a tome in her hands. As in the end all of us she put all her energy into training and fighting. She completed the occlumency training sooner than any of us. And for a time we were afraid if we would ever see some emotion in her eyes. It was scary. Ron helped her a lot.

That was another surprise, at least for some of us. Ron changed. Very few people would be able to connect him with the youngest once cheerful Weasley brother always excited for Quidditch. With the war he found out how easily people who you knew all your life can betray you. There is now very few people he truly trusts. Percy's betrayal was low blow for all of us. Ron locked himself in his room for three weeks and when he came out, part of him was gone. He became a warrior. A strategist to be exact - his plans became much more complex than they were before as he understood war needs its sacrifice and that the whole plan needs to know no one else than who necessarily needs to. His skills were so notorious that Voldemort himself tried to kill him multiple times. I am not sure how he managed it but Ron was able to separate things on the battle field from those not on it better than any of us. He was cold and calculating on the field, but managed to leave it behind when the battle ended. It was for that reason he was often sought for advice.

Ginny, Ron's little sister, became a fierce warrior as well. Her path wasâ€ I can't imagine. She was one of the first girls that

disappeared. Her family was devastated. We all were. The fight didn't even start and one of us was gone. We didn't believe we would see her ever again. Then we found her two years later in the dungeons of Malfoy's Manor. I was in the group with Ron when we found her. She was less than skin and bones and there was dried blood and dirt all over her. I completely lost it there. I did things I regretted later. Let's just say who will miss one Malfoy. Ron stopped me from continuing. In the following three months we put down almost anyone who visited the Manor when Ginny was there. Physically, Ginny was okay six weeks after we saved her, although she still looked unhealthily thin. Apart from that she was broken and nobody knew how to help her. She tried to kill herself twice. In the end we had to send her away, out of country. It wasn't easy as the borders were closed but we managed to find one monastic order of antique magic in India. We sent her there and hoped for the best and that we would see her again. After two years she came back to home and almost no one recognized her. She had the fire in her eyes again although a bit darker than it used to be. She fought endlessly against anyone especially those who harmed women and children. With Ron they gained their own nickname - The Weasley Duo. However, none of us used it. It reminded us painfully Fred and George who died when looking for their young sister.

Draco wasn't that big surprise, at least for me. When Voldemort started the open war he fled the country along with his mother. I am still not sure why but he came back less than year after that. He came to us and told us everything he knew about Voldemort and his followers. In the end and after many different truth potions we believed him. He offered he would be a spy as Snape once was. That didn't get him many trustworthy points in the eyes of others but his information became invaluable. In strategy planning they became invincible with Ron to the surprise of many. It wasn't easy but in the end he was fully accepted by everyone. I think that he was the one who fully understood how Snape must have once felt spying for Dumbledore. He had never let his guard down completely.

Luna and Neville were the true anchors for everyone. Certainly, they changed but I believe their biggest gift is that they have never completely lost the ability to see the good side of thing, the beauty of life. Luna became the best healer you could ever wish for. Even Madame Pomfrey recognized that and after she trained and with her unbelievable intuition there wasn't more capable healer. Don't be mistaken when necessary she was able to defend others as well as any of us and the same intuition helped in dodging the curses as well as in inventing new potions. After Saint Mungo Hospital was destroyed and Neville's parents were lost he didn't get angry as anyone thought he would. He trained and joined the assassinate squad. After four months he killed more Death Eaters than anyone. Luna convinced him to leave the squad before he would destroy himself. For some reason he listened. He continued in training and his expertise became warding and defensive magic. Occasionally he was sent on the mission No one broke his record in number of successful assassination until the end of the war.

After everything we were broken, pathetic. During years we travelled all around the globe. Sometimes alone, sometimes in groups and occasionally all of us met and together we travelled muggle and magical world alike. And we studied, partly to make our lives interesting, to forget the past even if just for a minute but mainly because we didn't want anyone of us to be hurt ever again. We never

wanted to feel as powerless as we once did.

In our travelling everyone became an expert of some area. Because of her experience Ginny always found something to fight for and not even I could beat her in the mix magic and muggle duel anymore. She fought fiercely against any injustice. Hermione tried to find her inner know-it-all again and started to lap up any tomes she could get her hands on. However, deep down she knew she would never find the carefree Hermione inside of her ever again. Even though she was very competent practically in every field you could think of, her favourite subject was history. I don't think even Dumbledore read as many books as Hermione has. Ron's ambitions of becoming professional Quidditch player were lost as well. I would say it was the battle on brooms where eighteen people died under his leadership including Kingsley. After that Ron integrated more of flying lessons and after the war I would say that any of us could be a professional player. No, Ron was a strategist through and through. After the war he changed the war strategy for a political one and although he has never involved himself directly in politics, he was considered to be an excellent adviser to more than few governments. Draco and Luna became Potion Masters. While Draco invented potions of any kind, he also came back to his roots and often discussed the political climate with Ron. Luna focused on healing potions and spells and also found herself to be strangely tuned to the elemental magic. Neville became a world ward expert. He wanted no family to ever feel threatened in their home again. Goblins regularly wanted him in their service but none of us has ever felt it was right time to go back.

And what about me? Well, I have really never decided what best would suit me. I was mostly focused on the mystery powers of the Three Hallows. Somehow after Voldemort died they got absorbed in me. Since then I have never had a need for a wand. That made me the first one of us who handled the wandless magic. I guess I most developed my mind magic. My occlumency shields couldn't even start to be compared with the poor attempts of Snape years ago. After the leech of Voldemort in my scar was destroyed I closed my head to everything and anyone and I wasn't able to let anyone else but my closest friends behind my mental barriers.

So we lived, we stayed in one place no more than three months, got to know what was there to know and then we moved, sometimes alone, sometimes with someone and sometimes all seven of us. It was one time when we all got together when it happened.

We were in America, in Montana close to frontiers with Canada. Neville inherited one small manor there. It was beautiful there. I was in the middle of nowhere and solitude was something we all became quite fond of. Luna and Neville were discussing some books of protective spells in the living room. Ron and Draco were playing chess at the veranda. Hermione was reading some kind of tome as always and I did something I did quite often, just thinking. It calmed me just seeing that everyone I care about was safe.

Suddenly, a loud bang was heard from the living room. Everyone's reflexes kicked in and in that instance we all were in the room in fighting positions. I saw Hermione's tome on the ground. Although Hermione never stopped to appreciate the knowledge books held life taught about priorities. We all scanned the room for what caused the noise. Everything seemed to look normal. And then everything went black.

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><p><strong>I hope you like the idea. At least a bit. Again it would make me really happy if you could write some review because I really need some feedback. I am not sure if I finish this story but right now I have the motivation to write another chapter, although it'll take some time.<strong>

\*\*Thank you for reading it and giving me a chance. BYE!\*\*

End  
file.